MARVEL
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
10
HICKMAN
MESSINA | WILSON
OCT. 2024 | RATED T
AFTER
ROMITA
AND ROSS

OCTOBER

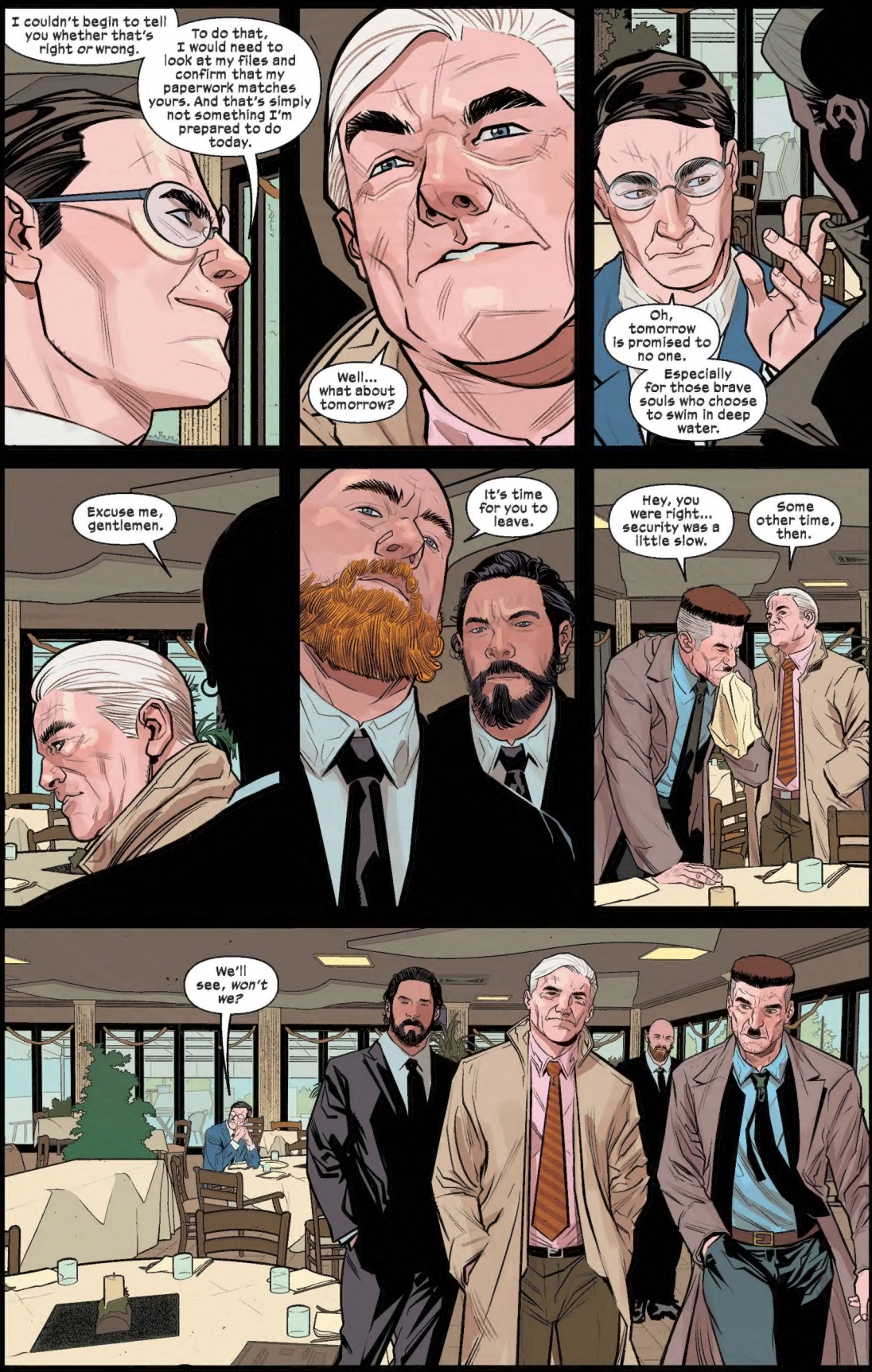
Do I look like a "good news first thing in the mornin'" kinda guy?
Sun goes down, sun comes up...
People change every day, Jonah.
STARDUCKS COFFEE
No they don't, Ben.
Let's have it.
Well, we have a very respectable drive out to Long Island ahead of us.
And why is that bad news?
I see a trip to a golf course in your immediate future.
Hrmpt! You know the devil invented that game, right?
What's the good news?
I know for a fact that a certain *lawyer* is going to be there.
Tee off at 10 a.m. Lunch in the clubhouse at noon.
Nice.
Well done.
STARDUCKS COFFEE

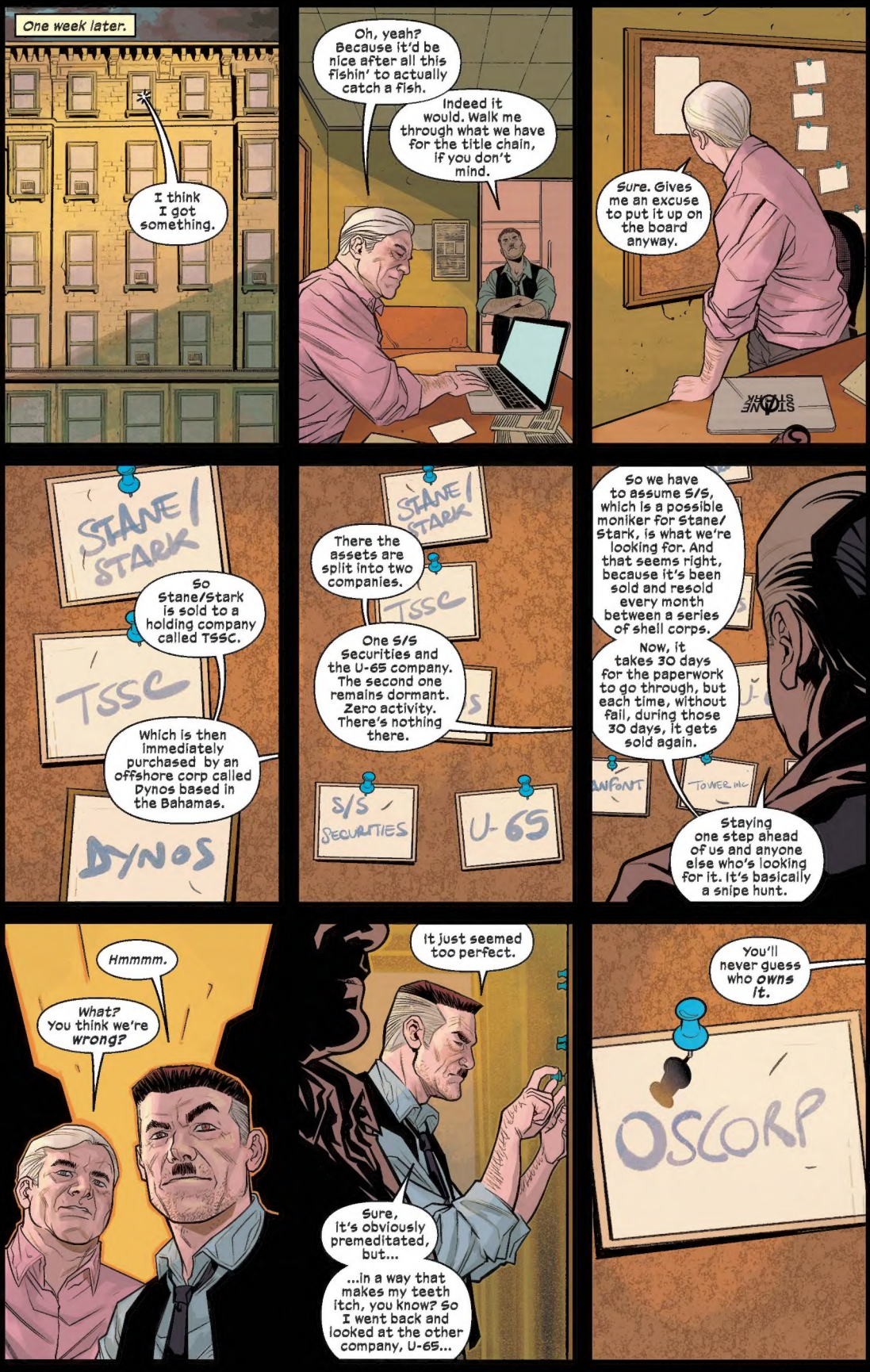
How'd you manage to wrangle that out of the Fisk empire?
Well, after trying to see him for weeks without having any luck...
...I got tired of playing by the rules.
Ah. I know this trick.
The ol' secretary two-step.
The term you're looking for is *personal assistant*, Jonah.
You know, when you're condescending, it makes it harder for me to enjoy the good news.
I'll guess I'll have to make it up to you.
Yeah?
Yeah. How would you feel about a round of golf?

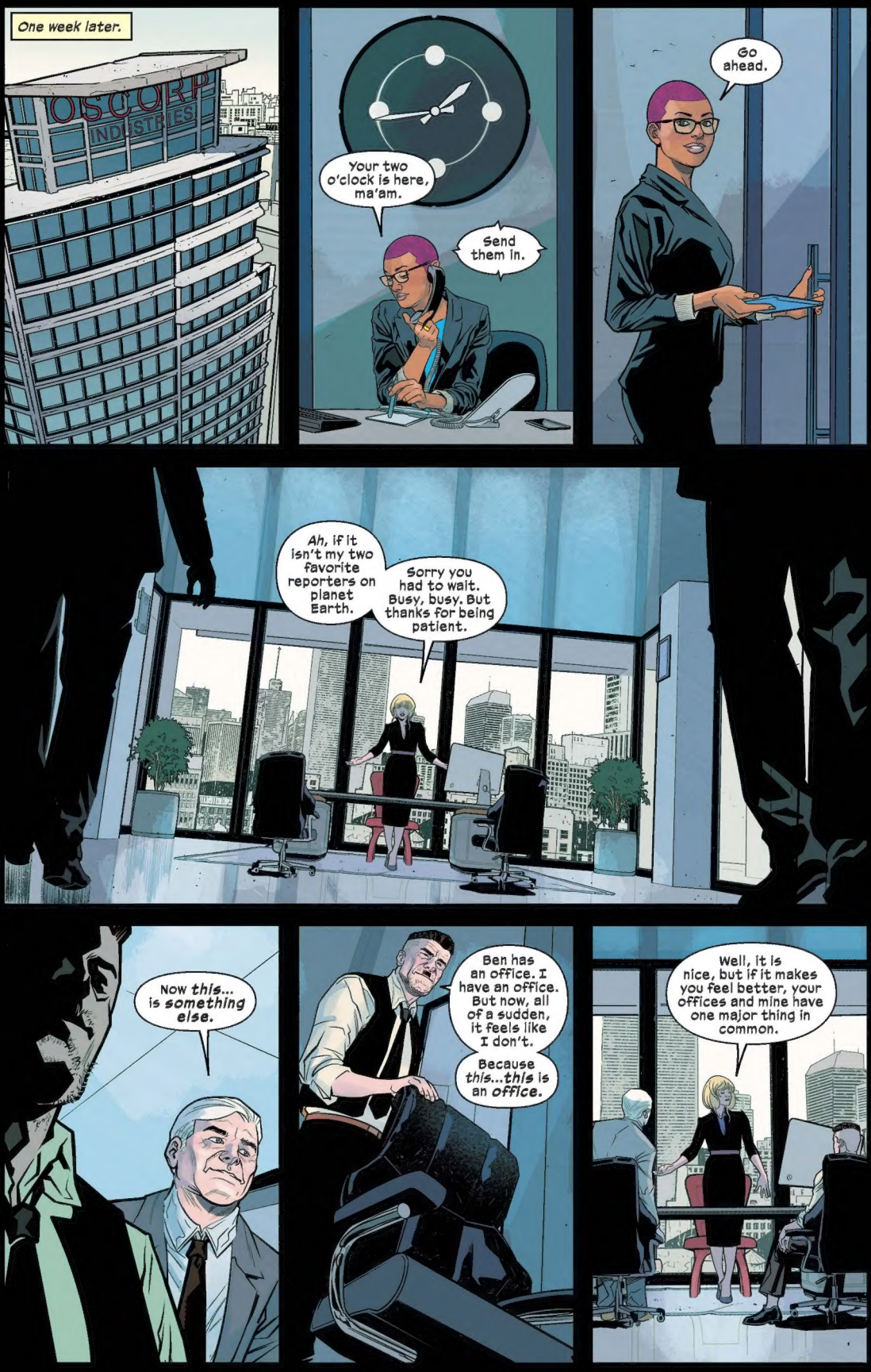
Later.
Long Island.
Mind if we sit?
...
I normally eat alone.
Well, we're not actually here to eat, so...
I mean, we *could* eat, but we don't have that long and I assume service here is a *little slow.*
Actually, the service, along with the food, is excellent.
I do suppose ***security*** could be ***better.*** *Who are you gentlemen?*
Mr. Wesley, I'm Ben Parker, this is J. Jonah Jameson. We're with the *Paper.* One of our reporters is currently working on a story, and...
...well, we were hoping you could ***help us out.***

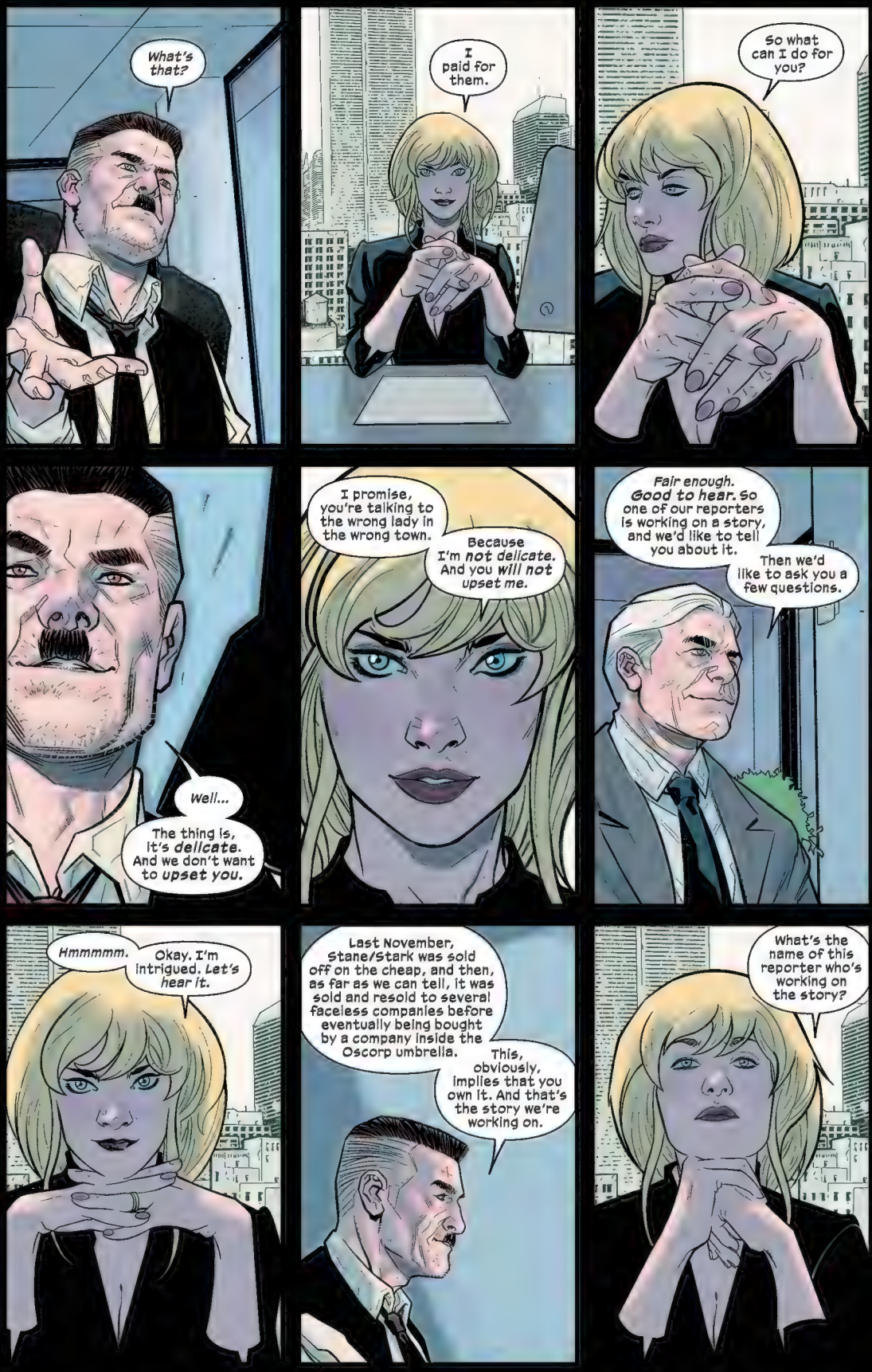
I've seen the *Paper*. It's charming. Congratulations, people seem to like it.
Charming, *huh?*
Sure. What else would you call a G-rated appeal to upper-middle-class recreational revolutionaries?
Look! There go our masked "heroes" soaring through the sky. Maybe...they'll save us all... Maybe--*secretly*--they're just like us?
Like I said: *charming.*
How would you write it?
I think I'd write about where things like that lead...
...and why it's always a bad idea to break things you don't understand.
Well, I am always on the lookout for illumination.
And that's why we're here.
STANE/STARK INDUSTRIE
Corporate Dissolution and Sale
December 14, 2023

And that's your signature, right?
James Wesley
James Wesley
Where'd you get this?
I was asleep one night and dreamed about how I could possibly escape this G-rated, upper-middle-class hell I'm stuck in...
Then when I woke up, it was under my pillow.
This paperwork is authorizing the sale of Stane/Stark to an offshore company that's owned by another offshore company and on and on...
Don't get me wrong, if I have to, I'll follow it all the way to the source--*no matter how long that takes*--but we were hoping you could save us a bit of trouble.
I'm sorry. I can't imagine how I could help.
Think your boss might be willing to?
What I know is that this paperwork appears to tell the story of someone removing themselves from anything having to do with Stane/Stark.
If that's what you're ***really*** looking for, then you need to look somewhere else.
Is that right?


I couldn't begin to tell you whether that's right *or* wrong.
To do that, I would need to look at my files and confirm that my paperwork matches yours. And that's simply not something I'm prepared to do today.
Well... what about tomorrow?
Oh, tomorrow is promised to no one.
Especially for those brave souls who choose to swim in deep water.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
It's time for you to leave.
Hey, you were right... security was a little slow.
Some other time, then.
We'll see, *won't we?*


One week later.
I think I got something.
Oh, yeah? Because it'd be nice after all this fishin' to actually catch a fish.
Indeed it would. Walk me through what we have for the title chain, if you don't mind.
Sure. Gives me an excuse to put it up on the board anyway.
STANE/STARK
TSSC
DYNOS
So Stane/Stark is sold to a holding company called TSSC.
Which is then immediately purchased by an offshore corp called Dynos based in the Bahamas.
There the assets are split into two companies.
One S/S Securities and the U-65 company. The second one remains dormant. Zero activity. There's nothing there.
S/S SECURITIES
U-65
So we have to assume S/S, which is a possible moniker for Stane/Stark, is what we're looking for. And that seems right, because it's been sold and resold every month between a series of shell corps.
Now, it takes 30 days for the paperwork to go through, but each time, without fail, during those 30 days, it gets sold again.
Staying one step ahead of us and anyone else who's looking for it. It's basically a snipe hunt.
Hmmmm.
What? You think we're *wrong?*
It just seemed too perfect.
Sure, it's obviously premeditated, but...
...in a way that makes my teeth itch, you know? So I went back and looked at the other company, U-65...
You'll never guess who *owns it.*
OSCORP

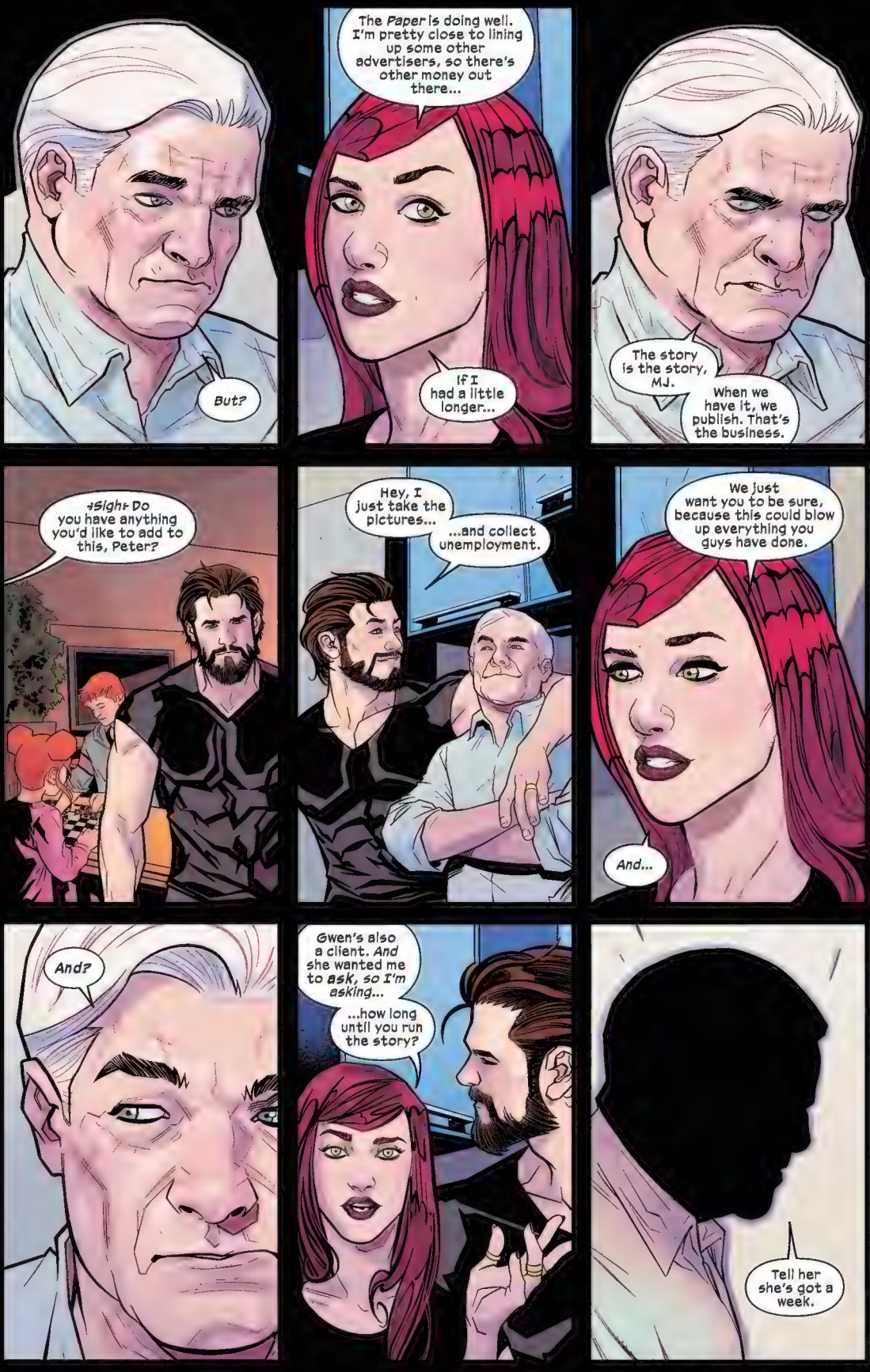

One week later.
OSCORP INDUSTRIES
Your two o'clock is here, ma'am.
Send them in.
Go ahead.
Ah, if it isn't my two favorite reporters on planet Earth.
Sorry you had to wait. Busy, busy. But thanks for being patient.
Now *this*... is *something else.*
Ben has an office. I have an office. But now, all of a sudden, it feels like I don't.
Because *this*...*this* is an *office.*
Well, it is nice, but if it makes you feel better, your offices and mine have one major thing in common.


What's that?
I paid for them.
So what can I do for you?
Well...
The thing is, it's *delicate*. And we don't want to *upset you*.
I promise, you're talking to the wrong lady in the wrong town.
Because I'm *not delicate*. And you *will not upset me*.
Fair enough. ***Good to hear.*** So one of our reporters is working on a story, and we'd like to tell you about it.
Then we'd like to ask you a few questions.
Hmmmmm.
Okay. I'm intrigued. *Let's hear it.*
Last November, Stane/Stark was sold off on the cheap, and then, as far as we can tell, it was sold and resold to several faceless companies before eventually being bought by a company inside the Oscorp umbrella.
This, obviously, implies that you own it. And that's the story we're working on.
What's the name of this reporter who's working on the story?

Well, that's an *interesting question*, no doubt. And we can talk about that, but first...
...we have a *few of our own:*
CLICK
Like who arranged the deal to buy the company?
Why are you working so hard to hide the fact that you own Stane/Stark?
What happened to all that technology?
Why do *all these things* coincide with people suddenly flying through the air in armored suits?
And, finally, we are wondering if you are the one secretly financing all of that?
Care to comment?
...
Sure.
I want my #@&†# money back.

Later.
You sure you wanna move there?
Don't try your mind games on me, young man. I'll have you know that when I was your age, I was the best chess player at my school.
Be careful, Dad...
Richard's gotten really good.
Thanks again for having me over. Family dinner is always the highlight of my week.
Yeah. Of course. I know we normally do weekends, but I thought you'd need it...
I'm sure today was a little rough.
And why would you think that?
Gwen called me.
Oh.
That.

Check.
Mate.
Sorry, Dad. You missed my bishop on B7.
I tried to tell you!
Yeah, and I shoulda listened. Good game, kiddo.
Jonah and I are working on a story...*something big*. So naturally, we were following where that story led.
I certainly didn't expect it to lead to her... *but it did.*
Did she tell you what we talked about?
She didn't get into specifics, but she *was not happy.*
Yeah. I did notice that.
I suppose you're concerned because, one, Peter just came on board and now she's threatening to take her money back, and two, she's your friend.
I'm not worried about the money. I am *crushing it.*
And I wouldn't necessarily call her a friend...


But?
The *Paper* is doing well. I'm pretty close to lining up some other advertisers, so there's other money out there...
If I had a little longer...
The story is the story, MJ.
When we have it, we publish. That's the business.
Sigh Do you have anything you'd like to add to this, Peter?
Hey, I just take the pictures...
...and collect unemployment.
We just want you to be sure, because this could blow up everything you guys have done.
And...
And?
Gwen's also a client. *And* she wanted me to *ask*, so *I'm asking*...
...how long until you run the story?
Tell her she's got a week.

Two days later.
+Sigh+
Hope you can forgive me if this doesn't go well, Peter.
Hello.

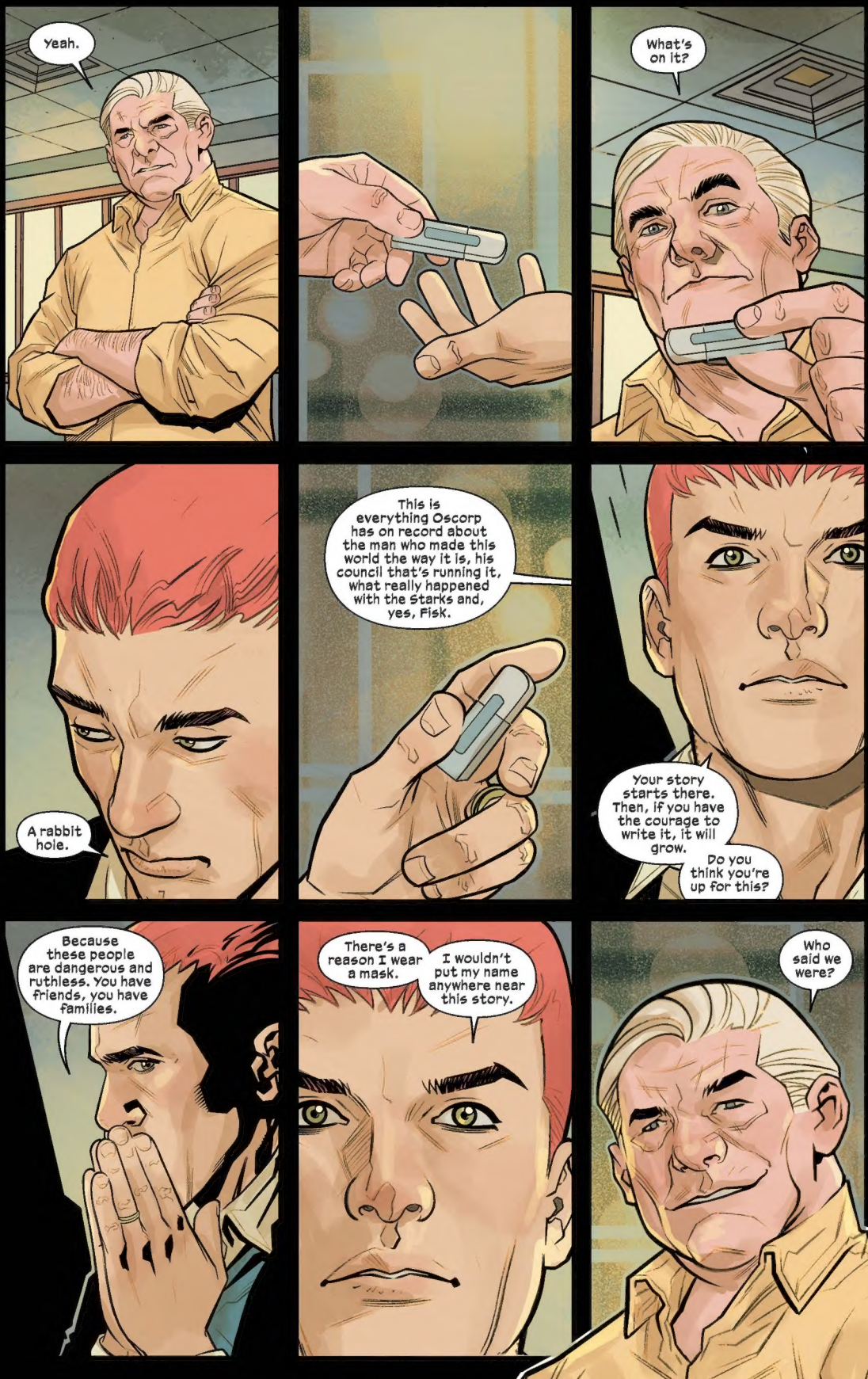
Ahem.
Fine. I'll ask...
What's that about?
When I told MJ she could tell Gwen that she had a week, I set the over/under at three days before one of you showed up.
Jonah took the under.
Because I'm a student of human nature...
And I know a good bet when I see one.
Like this is a game or something...well, if that's how it's gonna be...
Might as well get to it...
What do I need to do for you to not write the story about Oscorp?
And what our company may, or may not, own?
...
Are we writing a story about Oscorp?

No. I don't think we are.
Gentlemen...
I'm *not* here to *play games.*
We're not either, Mr. Osborn.
I know we've only spoken a few times now, and I obviously had complicated interactions with your father...
...but I have a hard time believing that you bought, and very carefully hid, Stane/Stark with bad intentions in your heart.
How would you know anything about what my intentions are?
Because my wife died at the same time, and the same way, your parents did...
And like my friend Jonah here, I'm also a student of human behavior.
...
Then what story *are* you writing?
As we let your wife know, it's hard not to notice the coordinated timing between Oscorp taking that company over and the emergence of green armor flying through the air.
What we think is that Oscorp took existing Iron Man technology, put a new coat of paint on it, and shined it up real nice for a new show...

And more than that...
...I think it's you or your wife who's inside the suit.
...
I suggest you leave my wife out of this.
...
Really?

Yeah. I bet it was your wife.
What can I say? I'm not a sexist.
Enough! Enough with your banter. Enough with your nonsense...
So you've figured out I'm the Goblin...
...which puts me in a dangerous spot. I guess the question is, what am I gonna do about it?
Jonah, it seems Mr. Osborn here thinks we're writing a story about who the Green Goblin is...
Is that what we're doing?
No, Ben. I don't think we are.
Okay, I'm officially tired of this. So...last warning. Stop screwing around...
What are the two of you up to?
Here's our real question:
We now know that Fisk enabled the sale of the company to Oscorp. And we also know that you and your Spider-friend have been waging a two-person war on the Fisk empire.
So why would Fisk sell you the thing you're using to destroy him?

Because he doesn't know that buried deep inside of Stane/Stark was a hidden record of what Fisk...
...and the people who control Fisk... have been up to for decades.
I learned, well...I learned that they're evil. Like, "old as the history of man" evil.
And they have to be stopped.
What is it?
It's funny, I came thinking I was going to have to stop you by any means necessary... or to help you get to the bottom of things...
I thought the latter would be easier, but now I'm scared to give it to you. I didn't think it would be so easy to put all this together the way you have.
Kid, it ain't easy, we just make it look that way.
They're the ones who did it.
They killed my parents.
And they killed your wife.
Peter says I can trust you.
Can I trust you?


Yeah.
What's on it?
A rabbit hole.
This is everything Oscorp has on record about the man who made this world the way it is, his council that's running it, what really happened with the Starks and, yes, Fisk.
Your story starts there. Then, if you have the courage to write it, it will grow.
Do you think you're up for this?
Because these people are dangerous and ruthless. You have friends, you have families.
There's a reason I wear a mask.
I wouldn't put my name anywhere near this story.
Who said we were?

Later.
TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK
Okay. Done.
Wanna give it the once-over before we publish?
Yeah.
...
You missed a typo here in the eighth paragraph.
And this subject-verb agreement needs to be fixed, but...
...It's good, Jonah.
I know.
Ben...
You sure you're ready to jump off this cliff? I know I am, but I gotta ask...
I'm going over head first, pal. You can follow me down.
Besides, that's the point of us using the byline, right?
Yeah.
A fictional name to hide behind. A fictional newsman to throw 'em off the scent.
Hello, world...
You're about to read the most explosive story in years, and it's brought to you exclusively by the Paper's brand-new, top-secret investigative prodigy.

All right.

Let's run it.

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NEW YORK KINGPIN??

Wilson Fisk runs New York…but who runs Wilson Fisk?

By BEN REILLY

PHOTO BY PETER PARKER

TO BE CONTINUED...